



Strange Histories,
OR

Songes and Sonets, of Kings, Princes,
Dukes, Lordes, Ladyes, Knights,
and Gentlemen.

Very pleasant either to be read or songe:
and almost excellent waitsinger
for all estates.



Imprinted at London for *W. Barley*, and
are to be sold at his Shop in Gracious
streete against *S. Peters Church*.

THE TABLE.

Cant. 1.

The Kentish-men with long tayles.

Salomons good huswiue, in the 31. of his
Prouerbs.

Cant. 2.

Of King Henrie the first, and his Children.

The Dutchesse of Suffolkes calamitie.

Cant. 3.

King Edward the 2. crowning his Sonne
king of England.

Cant. 4.

The imprisonment of Queene Elenor.

Cant. 5.

The death of king Iohn poysoned by a Frier.

Cant. 6.

The imprisonment of king Edward the se-
cond.

Cant. 7.

The murdering of king Edward the second,
being

THE TABLE.

being kild with a hot burning Spit.

Cant. 8.

The banishment of the Lord Matreuers, and
Sir Thomas Gurney.

Cant. 9.

The winning of the Ile of Man,

Cant. 10.

The Rebellion of Wat Tilor & Jack Straw.

A speech betweene Ladies, being Sheepeheads
on Salisbury plaine.

A 2

The

STRANGE HISTORIES.

The valiaunt courage & policie of the Kentish-
men with long tayles, wherby they kept their
ancient Lawes and Customes, which William
the Conqueror sought to take from them.

Cant. 1.

To the tune of Rogero.

When as the Duke of Normandie,
with glistering speare and shield
Had entred into fayre England,
and told his foes in fielde :

On Christmas day in solemne sort
then was he crowned here,
By Albert Archb:shop of Yorke,
with many a noble Peere.

Which being done, he changed quite,
the custome of this land :
And punisht such as daily sought
his Statutes to withstand :
And many Cities he subdude,
faire London with the rest :
But Kent did still withstand his force,
which did his lawes detest.

Strange Histories.

To Douer then he tooke his way,
the Castle downe to sling :
Which Aruiragus builded there,
the noble Britaine King.
Which when the brave Arch-bishop hold,
of Canterburie knew :
The Abbot of S. Austines eke,
with all their gallant crue.

They set themselves in Armour bright,
these mischiefes to prevent :
With all the Wesmen braue and bold,
that were in fruitfull Kent,
At Canterburie they did meete,
vpon a certaine day :
With sword and speare, with bill and bow
and stopt the Conquerers way.

Let vs not liue like Bondmen pooze,
to Frenchmen in their pride :
But keepe our auncient libertie,
what chaunce so ere betide.
And rather die in bloudie fieldes,
in manlike courage prest.
Then to endure the seruile yoke,
which we so much detest.

Strange Histories.

Thus did the Kentish Commons crie,
vnto their Leaders all,
And so marcht forth in warlike sort,
and stand at Swanscombe hill.
Where in the woodes they hid themselves
vnder the shady greene :
Thereby to get them vantage good,
of all their foes vnseene.

And for the Conquerors comming there
they priuily laide waight :
And thereby sodainely appals,
his lofty high conceipt.
For when they spied his approach,
in place as they did stand.
Then marched they to hem him in,
each one a bough in hand.

So that vnto the Conquerors sight,
amazed as he stood :
They seemed to be a walking Grove,
or els a moouing wood.
The shape of men he could not see,
the boughes did hide them so :
And now his heart with feare did quake,
to see a Forrest goe.

Before,

Strange Histories.

Before, behind, and on each side,
as he did cast his eye :

He spide these woodes with sober pace,
approch to him full nye.

But when the Kentishmen had thus
inclosd the Conqueror round :

Most suddenly they drew their swordes,
and threw the Boughes to ground.

Their Banners they displaide in sight,
their Trumpets sounde a charge :

Their ratling Drummes strikes vp Alarme
their troopes stretch out at large.

The Conquerour with all his traine,
were hercat sore agast :

And most in perill, when he thought
all perill had beene past.

Unto the Kentishmen he sent,
the cause to vnderstand :

For what intent, and for what cause,
they tooke this Warre in hand :

To whome they made this short replie,
for liberty we fight :

And to enioy R. Edwards lawes,
the which we hold our right.

Strange Histories.

Then said the dreadfull Conquerour,
you shall haue what you will :
Pour ancient customes and your lawes,
so that you will be still :
And each thing els that you will craue
with reason at my hand :
So you will but acknowledge mee
chiefe King of faire England.

The Kentishmen agreed hereon,
and laid their Armes aside,
And by this meanes, king Edwards lawes
in Kent doth still abide :
And in no place in England else,
those Customes do remaine :
Which they by manly policie,
did they of Duke William gaine.

FINIS.

Salomons good houswife, in the 31.
of his Prouerbes.

HE that a gracious wife doth find,
Whose life puts vertue chiefe in vnde,
One of the right good huswife kind,
That man may well himselfe assure,

And

Strange Histories.

And boasting say that he hath found
The richest treasure on the ground.

Who so enioyeth such a loue,
Let him resolute with hearts consent,
She euer constantly will proue
A carefull nurse, want to prouent,
With diligence and painefull heed,
Preuenting tast of beggers need.

And while she liues will still procure,
By true and faithfull industrie,
To increase his wealth, and to insure
His state in all securitie :
To seeke his quiet, worke his ease,
And for a world no way displease.

Her household folke from sloth to keepe,
Shee will endeavour with good heed,
At worke more wakefull then asleepe,
With flaxe and stufte, which houswiues need
To be employd, her hands also
The way to worke will others show.

Her wit a common wealth containes,
Of needments for her household store,
And like a ship her selfe explaines,

That

Strange Histories.

That riches brings from foraine shore,
Arriuing with a bounteous hand,
Dispearling treasure to the land.

Before the day she will arise
To order things, and to prouide
What may her family suffice
That they at labour may abide,
If she haue land, no paine shall want
To purchase vines, set, sow, and plant.

No honest labour shee'll omit,
In ought she can attaine vnto,
But will endeauour strength and wit,
Adding the vtmost she can do :
And if that profit comes about,
By night her candle goes not out.

A willing hand to the distrest
She lends, and is a chearefull giuer :
Come winters cold and frostie guest,
When idle huswiues quake and quier,
She and her households cloathed well,
The weathers hardnesse to expell.

Her skill doth worke faire Tapistrie,
With linnen furnish'd of the best :
Her needle workes do beautifie,

And

Strange Histories.

And she in Scarlet costly drest,
When Senators assembled be,
Her husbands honor there shall see.

Her spinning shall her store increase,
The finest cloth shall yeeld her gaine,
And dayly profit shall not cease,
Which her vnidle hands maintaine :
Her clothing shall her worth expresse,
And honors yeares her end possesse.

Her mouth shall neuer opened be,
But wisdom will proceede from it ;
And such mild gracious wordes yeelds her,
Sweetnesse vpon her tongue doth sit :
In age she will her care addresse,
To eat no bread of idelnesse.

Her children shall their dutie show,
Most reuerent to her all their life,
Her husband blesse, that he did know
The time to meete with such a wife :
And bettring forth his happinesse,
Her vertues in this wise expresse.

I know t'is true that more then one
Good huswife there is to be found ;

But

Strange Histories.

But I may say, that thou alone
Aboue all women dost abound,
Wea I protest in all my daies,
Thou art the first, and thee ile praise.

What thing is fauour but a shade?
It hath no certaine lasting hower,
Whereof is wanton beautie made,
That withers like a Sommers flower?
When these shall end their date in daies,
She that feares God shall liue with praise.

And such a wife of worthe worth,
Due glories lot will to her fall,
And great assemblies will giue forth,
What vertues shee's adorn'd withall,
Her lifes renowne to fame shall reach,
Her good example others teach.

FINIS.

How King Henric the first had his Chil-
dren drowned in the Sea, as they
came out of Fraunce.

Cant. 3.

To

Strange Histories.

To the tune of the Ladyes daughter.

After our royall King,
had foylo his foes in Fraunce,
And spent the pleasant spring,
his honour to aduance :
Into faire England he returnde,
with fame and victorie :
What time the subiectes of this land,
receiued him ioyfully.

But at his home returne,
his Childzen left he still
In Fraunce for to soiozne.
to purchase learned skill.
Duke William with his brother deare,
Lord Richard was his name,
Which was the Earle of Chester then,
who thirsted after fame.

The Kinges faire Daughter eke,
the Lady Mary bright :
With diuers noble Peeres:
and many a hardy Knight.
All those were left together there,
in pleasure and delight.
When that our King to England came,
after the bloody fight.

But

Strange Histories.

But when faire Flora had
drawne forth her treasure dry,
That winter cold and sad,
with hoie head drew nie.
Those Princes all with one consent,
prepared all things meete,
To passe the Seas for faire England,
whose sight to them was sweete.

To England let vs hie,
thus euery one did say,
For Christmas draweth nie,
no longer let vs stay :
But spend the merry Christmas time
within our Fathers Court :
Where Lady Pleasure doth attend,
with many a Princely sport.

To Sea these Princes went,
fulfilled with mirth and ioy :
But this their merriment,
dis turue to deare amoy :
The Saylers and the Shipmen all,
through foule excesse of wine,
Were so disguisde that at the Sea,
they shewd themselves like Swine.

Strange Histories.

The Sterne no man could guide,
the Maister sleeping lay,
The Saylers all beside,
went reeling euery way.
So that the Ship at randome roode
vpon the foaming Flood :
Whereby in perill of their liues
the Princes alwaies stood.

Which made distilling teares
from their faire eyes to fall :
Their hearts were fild with feares,
no helpe they had at all.
They wisht themselves vpon the land
a thousand times and more :
And at the last they came in sight
of Englands pleasant shore.

Then euery one began
to turne their sighes to smiles :
Their colours pale and wan,
a chearefull looke eriles.
The princely Lords most louingly,
their Ladies do embrace :
For now in England shall we bee,
quoth they in little space.

Strange Histories.

Take comfort now they sayd,
behold the land at last :
Then be no more dismayde,
the worst is gone and past.
But while they did thus ioyfull hope,
with comfort entertaine,
The goodly Shippe vpon a Rocke,
on suddaine burst in twaine.

With that a greuous screeke
among them there was made,
And euery one did seeke
on something to be stayde :
But all in vaine such helpe they sought
the Shippe so soone did linke,
That in the sea they were constrained :
to take their latest drinke.

There might you see the Lords,
and Ladyes for to lie
Amidst the salt sea foame,
with many a greuous crie :
Still labouring for their lines defence
with stretched armes abroad :
And lifting vp their little hands
for helpe with one accord.

But

Strange Histories.

But as good fortune would,
the sweete young Duke did get
Into the Cock-boat then,
where safely he did sit.
But when he heard his Sister cry,
the Kings faire Daughter deare,
Hee turnd his Boat to take her in,
whose death did draw so neare.

But while he stroue to take
his sweete young Sister in,
The rest such shift did make,
in Sea as they did swimme,
That to the Boate a number got:
so many, that at last
The Boate and all that were therein
was drownd and ouercast.

Of Lords and Gentlemen,
and Ladies faire of face:
Not one escaped then,
which was a heauie case:
Three score and ten were drownd in all,
and none escaped death,
But one pooze Butcher, which had sworne
himselke quite out of breath.

Strange Histories.

And after many wearied steppes
all wet-shod both in dirt and myze:
After much grieve their hearts yet leapes,
for labour doth some rest require:
A Towne befoze them they did see,
But lodgd therein they could not bee.

From house to house they both did goe,
seeking where they that night might lie:
But want of money was their woe,
and still the Babe with cold did crie:
With capp and knee they courtley make,
But none on them would pittie take.

Loe heere a Princesse of great blood,
did pray a Deafant for reliefe:
With teares bedewed as she stood:
yet few or none regards her grieve.
Her speech they could not vnderstand,
But gaue her a pennie in her hand.

When all in vaine the paines was spent,
and that they could not house-roome get,
Into a Church-porch then they went,
to stand out of the raine and wet:
Then said the Dutchesse to her deare,
O that we had some fier heere.

Then

Strange Histories.

Then did her Husband so proude,
that fire and coales he got with speede :
She late downe by the fiers side,
to dresse her daughter that had neede :
And while she drest it in her lapp,
Her Husband made the Infant papp.

Anone the Sexton thither came,
and finding them there by the fire,
The drunken knaue all voyde of shame,
to driue them out was his desire :
And spurning forth this noble Dame,
Her husbands wrath it did inflame.

And all in furie as he stood,
he wroung the church-keies out of his hand
And strooke him so, that all of blood
his head ran downe where he did stand,
Wherefore the Sexton presently;
For helpe and ayde aloude did cry.

Then came the Officers in hast,
and tooke the Dutchesse and her child,
And with her husband thus they past,
like Lambes beset with Tygers wild:
And to the Gouvernour were they brought
Who vnderstood them not in ought.

Strange Histories.

Thus through London they pass along,
each one did passe a severall streete :
Thus all unknowne, escaping wrong,
at Billings gate they all did meete,
Like people poore in Grauesend Barge,
They simply went with all their charge.

And all along from Grauesend towne,
with easie iourneyes on foote they went,
Unto the Sea-coast they came downe,
to passe the Seas was their intent :
And God provided so that day,
That they tooke Shippe and sayd away.

And with a prosperous gale of wind,
in Flanders safe they did arive.
This was to their great ease of minde,
which from their hearts much woe did drive :
And so with thanks to God on hie,
They tooke their way to Germanie.

Thus as they traueled thus disguisde,
vpon the high way sodainely :
By cruell Cheeues they were surprisde,
assaulting their small companie :
And all their treasure and their store,
They tooke away and beate them sore.

Strange Histories.

The Nurse in middelt of their sight,
laid dolane the Childe vpon the ground:
She ran away out of their sight,
and neuer after that was found:
Then did the Dutchesse make great mone,
With her good husband all alone.

The Cheeues had there their horses kilde,
and all their money quite had tooke:
The pitty Babie almost spild,
was by their Nurse likewise forsooke:
And they farre from their friends did stand,
All succourlesse in a strange land.

The Skies likewise began to scowle,
it hayld and rained in pittious sort:
The way was long and wonderous foule,
then may I now full well report:
Their grieve and sorow was not small,
When this unhappy chaunce did fall.

Sometime the Dutchesse boze the child,
as wet as euer she could be:
And when the Lady kind and mild
was wearie, then the Child boze hee:
And thus they one another easde,
and with their fortunes were well pleased.

Strange Histories.

This was most braue newes,
unto our conieely King :
Who did all mirth refuse,
this word when they did bring :
For by this meanes no child he had
his Kingdome to succeed
Whereby his sisters Sonne was King,
as you shall plainly read.

The Dutchesse of Suffolkes calamitie.

To the tune of Queene Dido.

When God had taken for our sinne,
that prudent Prince R. Edward away
Then bloudy Bonner did begin
his raging mallice to bewray :
All those that did the Gospell professe,
He persecuted more or lesse.

Thus when the Lord on vs did lower,
many in Pryson did he throw ;
Tormenting them in Lollards tower,
whereby they might the trueth forgoe :
Then Crammer, Ridley, and the rest
Were burnt in fire that Christ profess.

Smith.

Strange Histories.

Smithfield was then with Faggots filld,
and many places more beside;
At Couentry was Sanders killd,
At Glocester eke good Hooper dyde,
And to escape this bloudy day,
Beyond-seas many fled away.

Among the rest that sought reliefe,
and for their faith in daunger stood:
Lady Elizabeth was chiefe
King Henries daughter of royall blood,
Which in the Tower prisoner old lie,
Looking each day when she should die,

The Dutchesse of Suffalke seeing this,
whose life likewise the Tyrant sought;
Who in the hope of heauenly blisse,
which in Gods word her comfort wrought,
For feare of death was faine to flie:
And leaue her house most secretly.

That for the loue of Christ alone,
her lands and goods she left behind:
Seeking still for that pretious stone,
the worde of trueth, so rare to find.
She with her nurse, her husband and child,
In poore array their sights beguild,

Strange Histories.

Then Paister Bartue braue and bold,
in Latine made a gallant speech,
Which all their miserie did unfold,
and their high fauour did beseech :
With that a Doctor sitting by,
Did know the Dutchesse presently.

And therevpon arising straight,
with munde abashed at this sight,
Unto them all that there did waight,
he thus brake forth in wordes a right :
Behold within your sight quoth hee,
A Princesse of most high degree.

With that the Gouvernour and the rest,
were all amaze the same to heare,
And welcommed these new come guestes,
with reuerence great and princely cheare
And afterward conueyd they were
Unto their friend Prince Caslemere.

A Sonne she had in Germanie,
Peregrine Bartue cald by name :
Surname the good Lord Willobie,
of courage great and wortheie fame :
Her daughter young, which with her went
Was afterward Countesse of Kent.

Strange Histories.

For when Queene Mary was deceast,
the Dutchesse home returnde againe :
Who was of sorrow quite releast
by Queene Elizabeths happie raigne :
For whole life and prosperitie :
We may prayse God continually.

FINIS.

How King Henry the second crowning his Son
King of England, in his owne life time, was
by him most grievously vexed with Warres :
whereby he went about to take his Fathers
Crowne quite from him. And how at his
death he repented him thereof, and asked his
Father hartely forgiuenesse.

Can. 3.

To the tune of Wigmores Galliard.

YOU Parentes whose affection fond,
unto your Children doth appeare :
Marke well the Storie now in hand,
wherein you shall great matters heare,
And learne by this which shall be told,
to hold your Children still in awe,
Least otherwise they prooue too bold,
and set not by your State a straw.

King

Strange Histories.

And with that word he breath'd his last
wherefore according to his minde,
They drew him by the necke full fast,
vnto the place to him assignd :
And afterward in solemne sort,
at Roan in Fraunce buried was hee,
Where many Princes did resort,,
to his most royall Obsequie,

FINIS.

The imprisonment of Queene Elinor, wife to
King Henrie the second, by whose meanes
the Kings Sonnes so vnnaturally rebelled a-
gainst their Father; And her lamentation, be-
ing xvi. yeares in Prison whom her Sonne
Richard when he came to be King, released ;
and how at her diliverance, she caused manie
prisoners to be set at libertie.

Cant. .

To the tune of come liue with me & be my loue.

Thrice woe is mee unhappy Queene,
thus to offend my princely Lord :
My foule offence too plaine is seene,
and of good people most abhord :

Strange Histories.

I do confesse my fault it was,
these bloody Warres came thus to passe.

My iealous minde hath wrought my woe,
let all good Ladyes shun mistrust:

My Enuie wrought my ouerthrow,
and by my Malice most vniust:

My Sonnes did seeke their Fathers life,
by bloody warres, and cruell strife.

What more unkindnesse could be showane,
to any Prince of high renowne:

Then by his Queene and loue alone,
to stand in danger of his Crowne;

For this offence most worthely,
in dolefull Prison do I lye,

But that which most torments my minde,
and makes my greeuous heart complaine,

Is for to thinke that most unkind.

I brought my selfe in such disdaine,

That now the King cannot abide,

I should be lodged by his side.

In dolefull Prison I am cast,
debar'd of princely companie:

The Kings goodwill quite haue I lost,

and

Strange Histories.

When this word came vnto our King,
the newes did make him wondrous woe
And vnto him he sent his Ring,
where he in person would not goe.
Commend mee to my Sonne he sayd,
so sick in bed as he doth lie,
And tell him, I am well appayde,
to heare he doth for mercie crie.

The Lord forgiue his foule offence,
and I forgiue them all quoth hee :
His euill with good Ile recompence,
beare him this message now from mee.
When that the Prince did see this Ring,
he kissed it in ioyfull wise,
And for his faultes his hands did wring,
while bitter teares gusht from his eyes.

Then to his Lords that stood him nie,
with feeble voyce then did he call,
Desiring them immediatly
to strip him from his garments all,
Take off from me these Robes so rich,
and lay me in a cloth of haire :
Quoth he my greivous sinnes are such,
hell fier & flame I greatly feare.

Strange Histories.

A Hempton Halter then he tooke,
about his necke he put the same :
And with a gresuous pittious looke,
this speech vnto them did he frame.
You reuerend Bishops more and lesse,
pray for my soule to God on hie :
For like a theefe I do confesse,
I haue deserued for to die,

And therefore by this Halter heere,
I yeeld my selfe vnto you all :
A wretch vnworthy to appeare
before my God celestiallyl :
Therefore within your Hempton bed,
all strewd with Ashes as it is :
Let me be layde when I am dead,
and draw me therevnto by this.

Dea by this Halter strong and tough,
dragge forth my carcasle to the same :
Yet is that couch not bad inough
for my vile body wrapt in shame :
And when you see me lie along,
be powdered in Ashes there :
Say there is he that did such wrong,
vnto his Father euery where.

Strange Histories.

King Henrie second of that name,
for very loue that he did beare :
Vnto his Sonne, whose courteous fame,
did through the land his credite reare,
Did call the Prince vpon a day
vnto the court in royall sort :
Attzyed in most rich array,
and there he made Princely sport.

And afterward he tooke in hand,
for feare he should deceiued be :
To crowne him King of faire England,
while life possesse his Maestie.
What time the King in humble sort,
like to a subiect waighted then :
Vpon his Sonne, and by report
swoze vnto him his Noble-men.

And by this meanes in England now
two Kings at once together liue :
But Lordly rule will not allow
in partnership their dayes to diue.
The Sonne therefore ambitiously,
doth seeke to pull his Father downe,
By bloody warre and subtiltie,
to take from him his Princely crowne.

Strange Histories.

Sith I am King, thus did he say,
why should I not both rule and raigne?
My heart disdaines for to obey,
yea all or nothing, will I gaine.
Hereon he raiseleth Armies great,
and drawes a number to his part:
His Fathers force downe right to beat,
and by his speare to pierce his heart.

In seauen set Battles hath he fight
against his louing Father deare:
To ouerthrow him in despight,
to win himselfe a Kingdome cleare,
But naught at all could he p̄uaile,
his Armie alwaies had the worst:
Such grieve did then his heart assaile,
he thought himselfe of God accurst.

And therefore falling wonderous sicke,
he humbly to his Father sent:
The worme of Conscience did him prick,
and his vile deedes he did lament,
Requiring that his noble Grace,
would now forgiue all that was past:
And come to him in heauie case,
being at point to breath his last.

Strange Historie.

and purchast nought but infamie :
And neuer must I see him more,
whose absence greeues my hart full soze,

Full sixteene Winters haue I beene
imprisoned in the Dungeon deepe,
Whereby my ioyes are wasted cleene,
where my poore eyes haue learned to weepe,
And neuer since I could attaine
his Kingly loue to mee againe.

Too much (in deed I must confesse)
I did abuse his royall Grace,
And by my great maliciousnesse,
his wrong I wrought in euery place :
And thus his loue I turnd to hate,
which I repent, but all too late.

Sweet Rosamond that was so faire,
out of her curious Bower I brought,
A poysoned Cup I gaue her there,
whereby her death was quickly wrought,
The which I did with all despight,
because she was the Kings delight,

Thus often did the Queene lament,
as she in Prison long did lie,

her

Strange Histories.

Her former deedes she did repent :
with many a watrie weeping eye,
But at the last this newes was spread,
the King was on a sodaine dead.

But when she heard this tydings told,
most bitterly she mourned then :
Her wofull hart she did vnfold,
in sight of many Noble men,
And her Sonne Richard being King,
from dolefull Prison did her bring.

Who set her for to rule the Land,
while to Jerusalem he went :
And while she had this charge in hand,
her care was great in gouernement :
And many a Prisoner then in hold,
she set at large from yrons cold.

The lamentable death of King Iohn, how he was
poysoned in the Abby at Swinsted, by a Frier.

Cant. 5.

To the tune of Fortune.

A Cretcherous deede forthwith I shall you tell,
Which on King Iohn vpon a sodaine fell,
To Lincoln-shire proceeding on his way,
At Swinsted Abbey one whole night he lay.

C.

There

Strange Histories.

There did the King appose his welcome good,
But much deceipt lyes vnder an Abbots hood.
There did the King himselfe in safetie thinke,
But there the King receiued his latest drinke.

Great cheere they made vnto his royall Grace,
While he remaynd a guest within that place :
But while they synlde and laughed in his sight,
They wrought great treason, shadowed wth delight

A flat faced Monke comes with a glosing tale,
To giue the King a cupp of spiced Ale :
A deadlier draught was neuer offered man :
Yet this false Monke vnto the King began.

Which when the King (without mistrust) did see,
He tooke the Cup of him couragiously :
But while he held the poysoned Cop in hand,
Our noble King amazed much did stand.

For casting downe by chaunce his princely eye,
On precious Jewels which he had full nye:
He saw the cullour of each precious Stone
Most strangely turne, and alter one by one.

Their orient brightnesse to a pale dead hue.
Were changed quite, the cause no person knew:

And

Strange Histories.

And such a sweat did ouerspread them all,
As stood like deaw which on faire Flowers fall.

And hereby was their precious natures tryde,
For precious Stones soule poyson cannot abide:
But though our King beheld their cullour pale,
Distrusted not the poyson in the Ale.

For why, the Ponke the taste before him tooke,
Nor knew the King how ill he did it brooke:
And therefore he a hartp draught did take,
Which of his life a quicke dispatch did make.

Th' infectious drinke sumde by into his head,
And through the veines into the heart it spread:
Distempering the pure vnspotted braine,
That doth in man his memorie maintaine.

Then felt the King an extreame grieve to grow
Through all his entrels, being infected so:
Whereby he knew through anguish which he felt,
The Ponks with him most trayterously had delt.

The grones he gaue, did make all men to wonder,
He cast as if his heart would split in sunder:
And still he cald, while he thereon did thinke,
For that false Ponk which brought y deadly drinke

Strange Histories.

And then his Lordes went searching round about,
In euery place to finde this Traytor out :
At length they found him dead as any stone,
Within a corner lyng all alone.

For hauing tasted of that popsoned Cup,
Whereof our King the residue drunke by :
The enuious Donke himselte to death did bring,
That he thereby might kill our royall King.

But when the King with wonder heard them tell
The Donkes dead body did with popson swell :
Why then my Lordes full quickly now quoth hee
A breathlesse King you shall among you see.

Behold he sayd, my baines in peeces cracke,
A greuous torment feele I in my backe :
And by this popson deadly and accurst,
I feele my hart-stringes ready for to burst.

With that his eyes did turne within his head :
A pale dead cullour through his face did spread :
And lyng gasping with a cold faint breath :
The royall King was ouercome by death.

His mournfull Lordes which stood about him then
With all their force and troopes of warlike men

Strange Histories.

To Worcester the corpes they did conuey.
With Drumme & Trumpet marching al the way.

And in the faire Cathedrall Church I finde,
They buried him according to their minde:
Most pompiously best fitting for a King,
Who were applauded greatly for this thing.

The cruell imprisonment of King Edward
the second, at the Castle of Barkley
the 22. of September 1327.

Cant. 6.

To the tune of, Who list to lead a Souldiers life.

When Isabell faire Englands Queene,
in wofull warres had victorions beene:

Our comely King, her husband deare,
subdued by strength, as did appeare,

By her was sent to prison wrong,
for hauing done his Countrie wrong,

In Barkly Castle cast was hee,
denyed of royall dignitie:

Where he was kept in wofull wise,
his Queene did him so much despise.

There did he liue a wofull state,
such is a womans deadly hate:

Strange Histories.

When fickle fancie followes change,
and lustfull thoughts delight to range,
Lord Mortimer was so in minde,
the Kinges sweete loue was cast behind:
And none was knowne a greater foe
vnto King Edward in his moe
Then Isabell, his crowned Queene,
as by the sequell shall be scene.

While he in prison poorely lay,
a Parliament was held straight way:
What time, his foes apace did bring
Billes of complaint against the King:
So that the Nobles of the land,
when they the matter thoroughly scand,
Pronounced then these speeches plaine,
Hee was vnworthy for to raigne.
Therefore they made a flat decree
he should forthwith deposed bee.

And his sonne Edward young of peeres,
was iudged by the Noble peeres
Most meete to weare the princely Crowne,
his Father being thus puld downe.
Which words when as the Queene did heare,
(dissemblingly, as did appeare)
She wept, she wayld, and wrong her hands,
before

Strange Histories.

before the Lords where as he stands.
Which when the Prince her Sonne did see,
he spake these words most courteously.

My sweete Queene Mother, weepe not so,
thinke not your Sonne will seeke your woe:
Though English Lords chose mee their King,
my owne deare Father yet lyuing:
Thinke not thereto I will consent,
except my Father be content,
And with goodwill his Crowne resigne,
and graunt it freely to be mine:
Therefore, Queene Mother, thinke no ill
in mee, or them, for their good will.

Then diuers Lords without delay,
went to the King where as he lay,
Declaring how the matter stood,
and how the Peeres did thinke it good,
To choose his Soueraine their King to bee,
if that he would thereto agree:
For to resigne the princely Crowne,
and all his title of renowne:
If otherwise, they told him plaine,
a stranger should the same attaine.

This dolefull tydings (most unkind)

Strange Histories.

did soze afflict King Edwards minde:
But when he saw no remedie,
he did vnto their willes agree:
And bitterly he did lameut,
saying, the Lord this Plague hath sent,
For his offence and vanitie,
which he would suffer patiently:
Beseeching all the Lords at last,
for to forgive him all was past.

When thus he was deposed quite
of that which was his lawfull right,
In Prison was he kept full close,
without all pittie or remorse:
And those that shew'd him fauour still,
were taken from him with ill will.
Which when the Earle of Kent did heare,
who was in blood to him full neare:
He did intreat most earnestly
for his release and libertie.

His words did much the Queene displease,
who sayd, he liu'd too much at ease.
Vnto the Bishop did she goe,
of Hereford, his deadly foe:
And cruell Letters made him write
vnto his Keepers, with despight,

Strange Histories.

You are too kind to him, quoth shee,
henceforth more straighter looke you bee:
And in their writing subtiltie,
they sent them word that he should die.

The Lord Matreuers all dismayd,
vnto Sir Thomas Gurney sayd:
The Queene is much displeas'd, quoth hee,
for Edwards too much libertie:
And by her Letters doth bewray,
that soone he shall be made away.
Tis best (Sir Thomas then replide)
the Queenes wish should not be denide:
Therby we shall haue her good will,
and keepe our selues in credite still.

How the King was poysoned, and yet escaped:
and afterward, how when they saw that there-
by he was not dispatched of life, they locked
him in a most noysome filthy place, that with
the stinke thereof he might be choaked: and
when that preuayled not, how they thrust a
hot burning Spitt into his Fundament, till
they had burnt his bowels within his body,
whereof he dyed.

Cant. 7.

To

Strange Histories.

To the tune of, How can the tree.

The Kings curst Keepers, aiming at reward,
hoping for fouour of the furious Queene,
On wretched Edward had they no regard:
far from their hearts is Mercy mooued cleene.
Wherefore they mingle Poyson with his meate,
which made the man most fearefull for to eate.

For by the taste he often times suspected,
the venome couched in a daintie dish;
Yet his faire body was full sore infected,
so ill they spiced both his flesh and fish:
But his strong nature all their craft beguiles,
the Poyson breaking forth in Blaines & Biles.

Angly Scabbe ore-spreades his lillie skinne,
foule Botches breake vpon his manly face.
Thus sore without, and sorrowfull within,
the despised man doth liue in loathsome case,
Like to a Lazer did he then abide,
that shewes his sores along the highwayes side.

But when this practise prou'd not to their mind
and that they saw he liu'd in their despight:
Another damde deuice then they finde,
by stinking saouours for to choake him quight,
In an odd corner did they locke him fast,

Strange Histories.

harn by the which, their Carrion they did cast,

The stinch whereof might be compared wel-nie
to that foule lake where cursed Sodome stood;
That poysoned Birdes which ouer it did flie,
euen by the sauour of that filchy mudd.
Euen so, the smell of that corrupted Den,
was able for to choake ten thousand men.

But all in vaine, it would not do (God wot)
his good complexion still droue out the same:
Like to the boyling of a seething Pot,
that casketh the scumme into the fierie flame.
Thus still he liu'd, and liuing still they sought
his death, whose downfal was already wrought.

Loathing his life, at last his Keepers came
into his Chamber in the dead of night,
And without nopsle, they entred soone the same,
with weapons drawne, & torches burning bright
Where the poore Prisoner fast a sleepe in bed,
lay on his belly, nothing vnder's head.

The which aduantage, when the Murderers saw,
a heauie Table on him they did throw:
wherewith awakt, his breath he scant could draw,
with waight thereof, they kept him vnder so.

Then

Strange Historie: 1571?

Then turning by the cloathes about his hips,
to hold his legges a couple quickly skips.

Then came the Murtherers: one a Hozne had got,
which farr into his fundament downe he thrust:
An other with a Spit all burning hot,
the same quite through þe hozne he strongly pusht
Among his intrels in most cruell wise,
forceing hereby most lamentable cryes.

And while within his body they did keepe
the burning Spit, still rowling by and downe,
Most mournefully the murdered man did weepe,
whose wailefull noyse wakt many in the towne,
Who getting by his cryes, his death drew neere,
tooke great compassion on that Noble peere.

And at which bitter screeke which he did make,
they prayde to God for to receiue his soule:
His gally grones inforst their hearts to ake,
yet none durst go to cause the Bell to towele.
Ha mee poore man, alacke, alacke he cryed,
and long it was before the time he dyed.

Strong was his hart, & long it was God knowes,
eare it would stoope vnto the stroke of Death:
First was it wounded with a thousand woes,
before

Strange Histories.

before he did resigne his vitall breath:
And being murdered thus as you do heare,
no outward hurt vpon him did appeare.

This cruell murder being brought to passe,
the Lord Matreuers to the Court did hee,
To thes the Queene her will performed was:
great recompence he thought to get thereby.
But when the Queene the sequell vnderstands,
dissemblingly she weeps, & wringes her hands.

Ah cursed Traytor, Hast thou slaine (quoth shee)
my noble wedded Lord, in such a sort?
Shame and confusion euer light on thee.
Oh how I grieue to heare this vile report:
Hence cursed ratiue from my sight (she sayde)
that hath of mee a wofull Widow made.

Then all abasht, Matreuers goes his way,
the saddest man that euer life did beare:
And to Sir Thomas Gurney did betwray
what bitter speech þe Queene did giue him there.
Then did þe Queene out-law them both together,
& banisht them faire Englands bounds for euer.

Thus the dissembling Queene did seeke to hide
the heynous act by her owne meanes effected:
The

Strange Histories.

The knowledge of the deed she still denide,
that she of murder might not be suspected:
But yet for all the subtiltie she wrought,
the truth vnto the world was after brought.

The doleful lamentation of the Lord Matre-
uers, and Sir Thomas Gurney, being
banished the realme.

Can. 8.

To the tune of, Light of loue.

ALas that euer that day we did see,
that false smiling Fortune so fickle should be
Our miseries are many, our woes without end:
to purchase vs fauour, we both did offend.
Our deeds haue deserued both sorrow and shame,
but woe worty the persons procured the same.
Alacke, and alacke, with griefe we may crie,
that euer we forced King Edward to die.

The Bishop of Hereford, ill may he fare,
he wrought vs a Letter for subtiltie rare:
To kill princely Edward feare not, it is good:
thus much by his Letter we then vnderstood,
But curst be the time that we tooke it in hand,
to follow such counsell and wicked commaund.
Alacke,

Strange Histories.

Alacke, and alacke, with grieve we may crie,
that euer we forced King Edward to die.

Forgiue vs sweete Saviour, that damnable deed,
which causeth with sorrow our harts for to bleed
And taking compassion vpon our distresse,
put far from thy presence our great wickednesse
With teares all beatead, for mercie we crie,
and do not the penitent mercy denie.

Alacke, and alacke, with grieve we may say,
that euer we made King Edward away.

For this, haue we lost our goods and our lands,
our Castles and Towers, so stately that stands:
Our Ladyes and Babyes are turnd out of doore,
like comfortlesse catiues, both naked and poore:
Both friendlesse & fatherlesse, do they complaine,
for gone are their comforts, that should the main.
Alacke, & alacke, & alas may we crie, (taine
that euer we forced King Edward to die,

(downe

And while they goe wringing their hands vp and
in seeking for succour from towne vnto towne:
All wrapped in wretchednesse do we remaine,
tormented, perplexed, in dolour and paine,
Despised, disdayned, and banished quite
the coastes of our country, so sweet to our sight.
Alacke

Strange Histories.

Alacke, and alacke, and alas may we cry,
that euer we forced King Edward to die.

then farewell faire England, wherein we were borne
our friends & our kindred which hold vs in scoyne
Our honours and dignities quite haue we lost,
both profit and pleasure, our fortune hath crost:
Our Parkes & our Chales, our Mansions so faire
our Gems & our Jewels most precious and rare
Alacke, and alacke, and alas may we cry,
that euer we forced King Edward to die.

Then farewell deare Ladyes & most louing wiues
might we mend your miseries wth losse of our liues
Then our silly Children, which beggs on your hand
in grieve and calamity long should not stand:
Nor yet in their Countrey despised should bee,
that lately was honoured of euery degree:
Alacke, and alacke, and alasse we may crie,
that euer we forced King Edward to die.

In Countries vnknowne we range too and fro,
cloying mens eares with report of our woe:
Our food is wild berries, greene bancks is our bed
the Trees serue for Houses to couer our head,
Browne bread to our taste is most daintie & sweete
our Drinke is cold water, tooke vp at our feete:
Alacke,

Strange Histories.

Alacke, and alacke, and alas may we cry,
that euer we forced King Edward to die.

Thus hauing long wandered in hunger and cold,
deuiling liues laketie most desperat hold:

Sir T. Gurney toward England doth goe,
for loue of his Lady distressed with woe,

Saying, how happy and blessed were I,
to see my sweete Children and Wife, ere I die:

Alacke, and alacke, and alas may we cry,
that euer we forced King Edward to die.

But three yeares after his wofull exile, (guile
behold how false fortune his thoughts doth be-

Comming toward England, was tooke by y way,
& least y he should the chiefe murderers bewray,

Commaundement was sent by one called Lea,
he should be beheaded forthwith on the sea.

Alacke, and alacke, and alasse did he crie,
that euer we forced King Edward to die.

Thus was Sir Thomas dispatched of life,
in comming to visit his sorrowfull Wife:

Who was cut off from his wished desire,
which he in his heart so much did require:

And neuer his Lady againe did he see,
nor his pooze Children in their miserie.

D.

Alacke,

Strange Histories.

Alacke, and alacke, and alasse did he crie,
that euer we forced King Edward to die.

The Lord Matreuers (the Story doth tell)
in Germanie after, long time he did dwell
In secret manner, for feare to be seene
by any persons that fauoured the Queene:
And there at last in great miserie,
he ended his life most penitentie.
Alacke, and alacke, and alas did he say,
that euer we made King Edward away,

The winning of the Ile of Manne, by the
noble Earle of Salisburie.

Cant. 9.

To the tune of, the Kings going to the Par.

The noble Earle of Salisburie,
with many a hardy Knight.
Most valiantly prepar'd himselſe
againſt the Scots to fight:
With his Speare and his Sheeld
making his proud Foes to yeeld:
Fiercelſy on them all he ran,
to driue them from the Ile of Man:

Drum

Strange Histories.

Drummes striking on a row,
Trumpets sounding as they go,
Tan ta ra ra ra tan.

There silken Ensignes in the field,
most gloriouſly were ſpied :

The Horſemen on their praucing Steeds,
ſtrucke many a Scotchman dead

The Browne-bills on their Corſlets ring,
the Bow-men with the Gray-gooſe wing,

The luſtie Launce, the pierceing Speare,
the ſoft fleſh of their foes doe teare :

Drummes striking on a row,
Trumpets ſounding as they goe,
Tan ta ra ra ra tan.

The Battell was ſo fierce and hot,
the Scots for feare did flie :

And many a famous Knight and Squire,
in gorie blood did lie.

Some thinking to eſcape away,
did drowne themſelues within the ſea :

Some with many a bloody wound,
lay gasping on the clayie ground :

Drummes striking on a row,
Trumpets ſounding as they goe,
Tan ta ra ra ra tan.

Strange Histories.

Thus after many a ~~brave~~ exploit,
that day performed and done,
The noble Earle of Salsburie,
the Ile of Man had wonne.
Returning then most gallantly
with honour, fame, and victorie,
Like a Conquerour of fame,
to Court this warlike Champion came,
Drummes striking on a row,
Trumpets sounding as they goe,
Tan ta ra ra tan.

Our King reioyceing at this act,
incontinent decreed
To giue the Earle this pleasant Ile,
for his most valiant deed:
And forthwith did cause him than,
for to be crowned King of Man,
Earle of famous Salsburie,
and King of Man, by dignitie.
Drummes striking on a row,
Trumpets sounding as they go,
Tan ta ra ra tan.

Thus was the first King of Man,
that euer bore that name:
Knight of the princely Carter blew,

Strange Histories.

and order of great fame :
Which brave King Edward did deuise,
and with his person royalize:
Knights of the Garter are they cald,
and eke at Winsor so instald
With princely royaltie,
great fame and dignitie,
this Knight-hood still is held.

The Rebellion of Watt Tyler and Iacke Straw:
with others, against K. Richard the second.

(Ant 10.)

To the tune of the Miller would a woing ride.

Watt Tyler is from Darford gan,
and with him many a proper man :

And hee a Captaine is become,
marching in field with Whife and Drumme.

Iacke Straw an other in like case,
from Essex flockes a mighty pace.

Hob Carter with his stragling traine,
Iacke Shepheard comes with him againe,

So doth Tom Miller in like sort,
as if he ment to take some Fort :

With Bowes and Bills, with Speare & Shield,
on Black-heath haue they pitcht their field:

And thus they fight : *D 3.* *An*

Strange Histories,

An hundred thousand men in all
whose force is not accounted small :
And for King Richard did they send,
much euill to him they did intend :
For the Take the which our king
vpon his Commons then did bring :
And now because his royall Grace,
denyed to come within their Chase,
They spoyled Southwarke round about,
and tooke the Barshals Prisoners out :
All those that in the kings-bench lay,
at libertie they set that day.
And then they marcht with one consent,
through London, with a lewd intent,
And for to fit their lewd desire,
they set the Sauoy all on fire :
And for the hate that they did beare
vnto the Duke of Lancastear,
Therefore his house they burned quise :
through enuie, malice, and despight.
Then to the Temple did they turne,
the Lawyers Bookes there did they burne :
And spoyle their Lodgings one by one,
and all they could lay hand vpon.
Then vnto Smithfield did they hie,
to Saint Iones Place, that stands thereby,
And set the same on fier flat,
which burned seuen dayes : after that vnto

Strange Histories.

Unto the Tower of London then,
fast trooped these rebellious men,
And hauing entred soone the same,
with hidious cryes and mickle shame :
The graue Lord Chauncelor thence they tooke,
amazde with fearefull pittious looke :
The Lord high Treasurer likewise they,
tooke from that place that present day :
And with their hooting lowd and shrill,
Stroke off their heads on Tower hill.
Into the Cittie came they then.
like rude disordered franticke men :
They robd the Churches euer where,
and put the Priestes in deadly feare.
Into the Counters then they get,
where men in prison lay for debt:
They broke the doores, and let them out,
and threw the Counter Bookes about:
Tearing and spoiling them each one,
and Records all they light vpon.
The doores of Newgate broke they downe,
that Prisoners ran about the towne :
Forcing all the Smiths they meete,
to knocke the Irons from their secte.
And then like villaines hopde of awe,
followed Wat Tylor and Iacke Straw.
And though this outrage was not small,

Strange Histories.

the King gave pardon to them all,
 So they would part home quietly:
 but they his Pardon did desire,
 And being all in Smithfield then,
 seen three score thousand fighting men,
 Which there Wat Tyler then did bring,
 of purpose for to meet our King.
 And therewithall his royall Grace,
 sent Sir Iohn Newton to that place,
 Unto Wat Tyler, willing him
 to come and speake with our young King.
 But the proud Rebelle in despight,
 did pick a quarrell with the Knight.
 The Mayor of London being by,
 when he beheld this villanie,
 Unto Wat Tyler rode he then,
 being in midst of all his men
 Saying, Traytor preld, tis best,
 in the Kings name I thee arrest:
 And therewith to his Dagger start,
 and thrust the Rebelle to the hart
 Who falling dead vnto the ground,
 the same did all the Host confound:
 And downe they threw their weapons all,
 and humbly they for pardon call:
 Thus did that proud Rebellious cease,
 and after followed a ioyfull peace.

Strange Histories. 72.

A Speech betwene certaine Ladies, being Shepheards on Salisbury plaine.

TRuly (sayd the Ladies) this was a most hardie and
contagious Mayor, that durst in the midst of
mightie a multitude of his enemies, arrest so impu-
dent and bold a Traytor, and kill him in the face of all his
friendes; which was a deed worthy to be had in everlasting
memorie, and highly to be rewarded; Nor did his Maiestie
forget (sayd the Lady Oxenbridge) no dignifie that braue man
for his hardie deed, for in remembrance of that admired ex-
ploit, his Maiesty made him Knight, and five Aldermen more
of the citie; ordaining also, that in remembrance of Sir *William
Kilworth*es deed, against *Wat Tyler*, that all the Mayors
that were to succede in his place should be knighted: And fur-
ther he granted, that there should be a Dagger added to the
Armes of the citie of *London* in the right quarter of the Shield;
for an argumentation of the Armes.

You haue told vs (quoth the Ladies) the end of *Wat Tyler*.
But I pray you, What became of *Jacke Straw*, and the rest of
the rebellious rout? I will shew you (quoth she) *Jacke Straw*
with the rest of that rude rabble, being in the end apprehen-
ded (as rebels neuer flourish long) was at last brought to be
executed at *London*, where he confessed that their intent
was (if they could haue brought their vile purpose to passe) to
haue murdered the King, and his Nobles, & to haue destroyed
(so neere as they could) all the Gentilitie of the land, hauing
especially vowed, the death of all the Bishops, Abots, and
Monkes; and then to haue enriched themselues: they deter-
mined to set *London* on fire, and to haue taken spoyle of that
honorable Citie: but the Gallows standing betwixt them and
home,

Strange Histories.

home, they were there trust vp before they could effect any thing. And such endes (sayd the Ladyes) send all Rebles, and especially the desperate Traytors, which at this present vexeth the whole state.

With that word, one of their Seruants came running, saying Madam, the Rebels are now marched out of Wiltshire and Hampshire, making hasty steps towards London, therefore now you need not feare to com home, and commit the Flocks to their former keepers. The Ladyes being ioyfull thereof, appointed shortly after, a Banquet to be prepared, where they all met together againe: by which time the Kings power (hauing incountred the Rebels on *Black heath*) ouerthrew their whole power: where the Lord *Audley* was taken and committed to Newgate, frō whence he was drawne to the Tower-hill in a Coate of his owne Armes painted vpon paper, reuerſed and all to torne, and there was beheaded the 24. of Iune. And shortly after, *Thomas Flamocke*, and *Michael Ioseph* the Black-Smith, were drawne, hanged and quartered after the manner of Traytors. But when the Husbands to these faire Ladyes came home, and heard how their Wiues had dealt to ſaue themſelues in this dangerous time, they could not chuse but hartely laugh at the matter, ſaying that ſuch Shepheards neuer kept Sheepe on Salisbury plaine before.

FINIS.

Strange Histories.

A mournfull Dittie on the death of faire
Rosamond, King Henrie the
seconds Concubine.

Cant. 11.

To the tune of, Flying Fame.

VVhen as King Henrie rul'd this land,
the second of that name,
(Beside the Queene) he dearly loued ;
a faire and princely Dame :
Most peerelesse was her beautie found,
her fauour and her face :
A sweeter creature in this world,
did neuer Prince embrace.

Her crisped locks like threedes of gold,
appeared to each mans sight,
Her comely eyes like orient Pearles,
did cast a heauenly light:
The blood within her christall cheekes,
did such a cullour dye,
As though the Lilly and the Rose
for maistership did strue.

Pea Rosamond, faire Rosamond,
her name was called so,

Strange Histories.

To whom Dame Elinor our Queene,
was knowne a cruell foe:
The King therefore for her defence,
against the furious Queene,
At Woodstocke buylded such a Bower
the like was neuer seene.

Most curiously that Bower was buylt
of Stone and Timber strong:
A hundred and fiftie Doores,
did to that Bower belong:
And they so cunningly contriu'd
with turning round about,
That none, but by a Clew of threed,
could enter in or out.

And for his Loue and Ladys sake,
that was so faire and bright,
The keeping of his Bower he gaue
into a valiant Knight.
But Fortune, that doth often frowne,
where she before did smile,
The Kinges delight, the Ladys ioy,
full soone she did beguile.

For why: the Kings vngracious sonne,
whom he did high aduance,

Against

Strange Histories.

Against his Father rayled Marres
within the realme of France.
But yet, before our comely king,
the English land forooke,
Of Rosamond his Lady faire,
his fare-well thus he tooke.

My Rosamond, my onely Rose
that pleasest best mine eye :
The fairest Rose in all the world,
to feed my fantasie :
The Flower of my affected heart,
whose sweetnes doth excell
My royall Rose, a hundred times,
I bid thee now farewell.

For I must leaue my fairest Flower,
my sweetest Rose, a space,
And crosse the seas to famous Fraunce,
proude Rebels to abace :
But yet my Rose, be sure thou shalt
my comming shortly see:
And in my heart, while hence I am,
Ile beare my Rose with mee.

When Rosamond, that Lady bright,
did heare the King say so,

The

Strange Histories.

The sorrow of her greened heart,
her outward lookes did show.
And from her cleere and chrySTALL eyes,
the teares gush't out apace,
Which like the silver pearled dew
ran nowne her comely face.

Her lippes like to a Corall red,
did waxe both wan and pale;
And for the sorrow she conceivd,
her vitall spirits did fayle.
And falling downe all in a sound,
before king Henries face,
Full oft betwene his princely armes,
her corpes he did embrace.

And twenty times with waterie eyes,
he kist her tender cheeke,
Unill she had receiued againe
her senses milde and meeke.
Why grieues my Rose, my sweetest Rose?
(the king did euer say)
Because (quoth she) to bloody warres
my Lord must part away.

But sith your Grace in foraine coastes,
among your foes unkind,

Strange Histories.

Shall go to hazard life and limme,
why should I stay behind?
Nay, rather let me like a Page,
your Shield and Target beare;
That on my breast that blow may light,
which should annoy you there.

O let me in your royall Tent,
prepare your Bed at night,
And with sweet Baths refresh your grace
at your returne from fight.
So I your presence may enjoy,
no toyle I must refuse:
But wanting you, my life is death,
which doth true loue abuse.

Content thy selfe, my dearest friend,
thy rest at home shall bee:
In England sweete and pleasant soyle,
for trauaile fits not thee.
Faire Ladyes booke not bloody warres
sweete peace their pleasures breede,
The nourisher of hearts content,
which Fancie first doth feede.

My Rose shall rest in Woodstock bowler,
with Musickes sweete delight,

While

Strange Histories. 112

While I among the piercing Dukes
against my foes do fight,
My Rose in Robes and Pearles of gold
with diamonds richly dight.
Shall daunce the galliards of my loue,
while I my foes do smite.

And you Sir Thomas, whom I trust
To beare my Loues defence:
Be carefull of my gallant Rose,
when I am parted hence.
And therewithall he fetcht a sigh,
as though his heart would breake:
And Rosamond for inward griefe,
not one plaine word could speake.

And at their parting well they might
in heart be griued sore,
After that day faire Rosamond
the King did see no more:
For when his Grace had past the seas,
and into France was gone,
Queene Elinor with enuious heart,
to Woodstocke came anone.

And forth he cald this trusty Knight,
which kept the curious Tower,

Who

Strange Histories.

Who with his Clew of twined threed,
came from that famous flower
And when that they had wounded him,
the Queene his Threed did get,
And went where Lady Rosamond
was like an Angell set.

But when the Queene with stedfast eye
beheld her heauenly face,
She was amazed in her minde,
at her exceeding grace.
Cast off from thee thy Robes she sayd,
that rich and costly be,
And drinke thou vp this deadly draught
which I haue brought for thee.

But presently vpon her knees,
sweet Rosamond did fall,
And pardon of the Queene she crau'd,
for her offences all.
Take pittie of my youthfull yeares,
faire Rosamond did cry,
And let me not with Poyson strong,
inforced be to die.

I will renounce this sinfull life,
and in a Cloyster hide:

Strange Historie.

O: else be banisht, if you please,
to range the world so wide,
And for the fault which I haue done,
though I was forst thereto:
Preserue my life, and punish me,
as you thinke good to do.

And with these words, her lilly hands,
the wrang full often there:
And downe along her louely cheekes
proceeded many a teare.
But nothing could this furious Queene
therewith appeased bee,
The cup of deadly Poyson filld,
as she sat on her knee.

She gaue the comely Dame to drinke,
who tooke in her hand,
And from her bended knee arose,
and on her feet did stand:
And casting vp her eyes to heauen,
she did for mercy call,
And drinking vp the Poyson then,
her life she lost withall,

And when that Death through euery lim,
had done his greatest spite,

Strange Histories.

Her chiefeft foes did plaine confesse,
She was a glorious wight.
Her body then they did intombe,
When life was fled away,
At Godstow, neere Oxford towne,
as may be seene this day.

FINIS.

A Sonnet. Cant. 12.

ALL you yong men, that faine wold learne to woe
And haue no meanes, nor know not how to doe,
Come you to mee, and marke what I shall say:
Which being done, will beare the Clench away.
First, seeme thou wise, & deck thy selfe not meanly
For womē they be nice, & loue to haue men clemly.

Next, shew thy self, that thou hast gone to schoole
Commende her wit, although she be a foole:
Speake in her prayse, for women they be proud,
Looke what she sayes, for troth must be aloude.
If she be sad, seeme thou as sad as shee:
But if that she be glad, then ioy with merrey glee.

And in this mood, these women must be claude,
Giue her a Glasse, a Phan, or some such gaude.

Strange Histories.

(O? if she like) a Hood, a Capp, or Watt:
Draw to thy purse, and straight way giue her that
This being done, in time thou shalt her win,
And when that she is won, let tricks of loue begin.

If at the Borde you both sit side by side,
Say to her this, That Loue hath no such Bride:
O? if it chaunce, you both sit face to face,
Say to her this: Her lookes alone sayes grace:
Such tricks as this, vse oft to her at meat,
For nought doth better please, then doth a good
(conceit.

But if it chaunce you sit at severall bordes,
Send her such cates as your messe affordes,
A Pidgeons hart vpon a Butchers picke,
A Larkes long heele i'the middest of it sticke:
Send this alone: let this the message bee.
There is a Plouers bone to picke, without a P.

If when you meet, of this, if she intreat,
First pardon craue: then vtter thy conceit.
Then prooue the Pinde is in the Hart alone,
And as the Hart, such was the Pinde vpon.
Then seeme to peeld a reason for the rest,
And say, how Maydes lark-beeld doth pierce thee
(through the brest.
If she mislike the picke, aboue the rest,

Say

Strange Histories.

Say thus: you thought she had lou'd Chaucers iest;

If he would know what by this iest is meant;

Say, with good will, if she thereto consent.

This is the meanes and way to win the French:

Keepe wel thine owne language, what ere thou do

(the French.

FINIS.

Sonnetta. 13.

Faire sweete, if you desire to know,

And would the meaning vnderstand,

Wherefore on you I do bestow

This Ring of gold with hart in hand.

Read these few lines that are behind,

And there my meaning you shall find.

The Gift : betokeneth my good will.

The Ring : the wish of endles ioy.

The Gold : the worldly wealth, which still

Defendeth friendship from annoy.

The Hart in hand : my hart in hold,

Which pittie craues, as reason would.

The Hand, betokeneth loue, and might,

As chiefeest member that defendes :

E 3.

Shake

Strange Histories.

Shake handes then friendes, bend fist, then fight:
Thus loue, or hate, the hand offendes,
In proofoe of perfect amitie,
I giue this Hand in hand to thee.

The Heart thus plac'd betwixt two hands,
If friendship breake, the Heart is slaine:
Euen so, the case with mee now standes,
My Heart doth in your Hands remaine.
My life, is yours, to saue or spill,
I say no more: do what you will.

FINIS. T.R.

A Maydes Letter. Cant. 14.

Haste Commendations, and passe with speed,
and litle writing to my Loue:
Spare not to speake for any dread,
For why, no man can mee remoue.
Say this vnto my Turtle-doue,
although my body absent bee,
There is no man can mee remoue,
for in conceit I am with thee.

The gladsome day shall loose his light,
and be as darke as dungeon deepe:
Phoebus shall rule the trkesome night,

Strange Histories.

and banish Morphew from my sight,
Ere euer I from my Loue leppe,
although my body absent bee :
The Wormes shall lie which now do creepe,
for in conceit I am with thee.

The Sea and Land shall be a like,
both Fish and Fowle it shall be one :
The litle Lambe the Wolfe shall strike,
and then began the greater dyone.
The Feathers shall be turnd to stone,
although my body absent bee,
O I against my true-loue hold,
for in conceit I am with thee.

The Tree shall flourish in the Fire,
bringing forth fruite ten thousand fold:
So shall the Horse in dirt and myre
bring Foles, past count for to be told.
All kind of Mettle shall be Gold :
Although my body absent bee,
O I against my true-loue hold,
for in conceit I am with thee.

The Flowers that smells deliciously,
shall strike no man may them abide :
And Oyles and Oyntments preciously,

Strange-Histories.

shall be corrupt, and neuer frie,
Ere I my selfe I do deny;
although my body absent bee,
Morphewes to mee shall be one guide,
For in conceit I am with thee.

When all these things be come to passe,
which I on spake, then be assured,
You's find these women brittle as glasse:
but not till then, if life be pure,
Constant still I will endure,
whiles there's any life in my body,
If I speake the words, Ile make them sure,
and in conceit Ile end with thee.

Finis. A.C.

¶ A new Dittie, in Prayse of Money.

Cant. 13.

To a new tune, called, The Kings Iigge.

Money's a Lady: nay, she is a Princesse:
nay more, a Goddesse adorned on earth.
With Without this Money, who can be merry,
though he be neuer so noble by birth.

Strange Histories.

Her presence breeds ioy, her absence breeds annoy
where Money lacketh, there wanteth no death,

Virtue is nothing, if Money be wanting :

Virtue is nothing esteemed, or set by.

Wisdom is folly, and so accounted,
if it be toynd with base Pouertie.

Learning's contemned, Wit is condemned,
both are derided of rich Miserie.

He that is wealthy, is greatly regarded,
though he be neuer so simple a Dot :

He that is needy, he is despised,
tho he haue wisdom, which th' other hath not.
Though he haue wisdom (which many wanteth)
yet is his Credit not worth a Grot.

(many

When thou hast Money, then friendes thou hast
when it is wasted, their friendship is cold:

Goe by Ieronimo, no man then will thee know,
knowing thou hast neither siluer nor gold,

No man will call thee in, no man will set a pin
for former friendship, though neuer so old.

(things

Money doth all things, both great things & small

Money doth all things, as plainly we see:

Money doth each thing, Want can do nothing,

Pouerty

Strange Histories.

Pouertie parteth still good companie:
When thou hast spent all, or els hast lent all,
who then is louing, or kind vnto thee?

Money makes soldiers to serue their prince trulie,
Money byres Souldiers, & Seruing-men too:
Money makes Lawyers plead the Case duly,
without this Money, what can a man doo?
This auncient Lesson I learned newly,
if Money misleth, in vaine thou dost sue,

Money subdueth, where Force can not conquer,
thee ouercommeth both Castle and Towne:
Her power quayleth, where Valour fayleth,
neuer was Lady of greater renoune.
Many a Towne is so betraid vnto the Foe,
her Walls are razed, and Turrets puld downe,

Beautie that standeth on Pride, and Opinion,
by Lady Lucre oft catcheth a fall: (heart,
And though she scorne Desart, and haue a flinty
pet is she ready when Money doth call.
The Clowne for Money, may haue a Coney,
when the poore Gallant can get none at all.

Thus we see Money, makes euery place sunny:
each place is happy that wanteth her shine.

Phœbus

Strange Histories.

Phœbus is not so bright, nor giues such store of
as this faire lady whole beautie's diuine. (light
Of night she maketh day, all rare she driues away,
her fame and glory nere yet did decline.

Riches bewitches the minde of a Miser :

Honey enchaunteth both young age, and old :
Yet cannot Honey, purchase thee Heauen,
Heauen's not purchac'd with Siluer nor Gold :
But to the godly, righteous, and blessed,
the ioyes of Heauen are giuen, not sold.

FINIS.

An Epigram.

Dull : sayes he is so weake he can not rise,
Nor stand, nor goe : if that be true, he lyes.
True-lie : well sed, for so the case now standes,
He keepes his bed, yet lies i'the Surgions hands.

Clunch : When he goes to measure Cloth,
To's neighbours makes his mone :
To borrow a Yard, for why in troth,
He hath no Yard on's owne.

Finis. quoth R.

Sprinks:

Strange Histories.

Sprinks being asked what merites his Mistris loued:
He answered thus: quoth he, What's that to you?
But since so farre you haue in this mee moued,
He speake my made, and therefore marke me now,

My Mistris loues no Woodcocks,
yet loues to picke the bones:

She loues she any Jewels,
but they be precious stones.

My Mistris loues but few meates,
yet loues to taste of all:

My Mistris loues no wrassling,
yet loues to take the fall.

My Mistris loues a Free man,
but yet she loues no waister:

My Mistris loues no Cuckoulog,
and yet she loues my Master.

My Mistris loueth trueth,
yet best she loueth lypings

My Mistris loues not patch.
whole nature lyes a dying.

My Mistris hates Tabacco,
but well she loues the Pipe:

My Mistris loues no rotten fruite,
but Pedlers moyst and ripe.

Strange Histories.

My Mistris loves the yard
that lackes no inch of measure:
And thus I haue declared,
my Mistris chiefeest pleasure.

A Louer being commaunded by his beloued
to giue place to the disdayned crue, he
writeth as followeth.

With heauie hart, and many a dole, aduer:
I doe giue place to the disdained crue:
But,

When, you command, who may command I best,
Shall, I, denie who may the worst of all;
I, rather with the hart within my brest,
Lie, drownd in death: and soule to hell be thrall.
With, willing minde I to your best agree,
You, did command, that was enough for mee.

Hee that in time, refuseth Time,
when Time well offered is:
An other time, shall misse of Time,
but then of Time shall misse.

Spans life by Time, try it who shall,
shall find his Time, no time to trust:
Some time to rise, some time to fall,
till life of man be brought to dust.

Strange Histories.

Wise Sentences.

Two thinges doth prolong thy lyfe:
A quiet Heart, and a louing Wife.

The Scarlet cloth doth make the Bull to feare;
The cullour white the Olliuant doth shunne:
The etawing Cocke, the Lion quakes to heare:
The smooke of cloth doth make the Stag to run:
All which do shew, we no man should despise,
But thinke how harne, the simplest may deuise.

This Sentence may be set in a Bed-chamber.

Why sleepest thou hence thou glory bright,
that men with Fame doth crowne?
Because I loath the place where follies men
do sleepe on beds of Downe:
And where as filthy lust doth dwell,
with foule excesse,
There is no place, that is no house,
for Glory to possesse.

A word once spoke, it can returne no more,
But flieth away, and oft thy bayle doth breed:
A wise man then, lets hatch before the doze,
And whilst he may, doth square his speech to heed:
The Bird in hand, we may at will restraine,
But being flowne, we call her backe in vaine.

These

Strange Histories.

These Sentences following, were set vpon
Conduits in London against the day that
King *Iames* came through the Citie at his
first comming to the Crowne.

Vpon the Conduit in Grateous streete were these verses,
Kingdomes change, Worlds decay:
But Trueth continewes till the last day.

Let Money be a Slaue to thee,
Yet keepe his seruice, if you can:
For if thy Purse no Money haue,
Thy person is but halfe a man.

In Cornewell.

To be wise, and wealthy too
Is sought of all, but found of few.

All on this worlds Exchange do meete,
But when deaths burse-bell rings, away ye flee.

When a Kinges head but akes,
Subiectes should mourne:
For vnder their crownes,
a thousand cares are woyn.

Bread earnd with honest laboring hands,
Tastes better, then the fruite of ill got lands.

Hee

Strange Histories.

Hee that wants Bread, and yet lyes still,
It's sinne his hungry cheekes to fill.

As man was first framed and made out of Clay,
So must he at length, depart hence away.

A man without Mercy, of Mercy shall misse,
And he shall haue Mercy, that Mercifull is.

In Cheap-side.

Life is a drop, a sparke, a span,
A bubble: yet how proude is man.

Life is a debt, which at that day,
The poorest hath enough to pay.

This world's a Stage, whereon to day,
Kings and meane-men, parts do play.

To morrow others take their roomes,
While they do fill by Graues and Toomes.

Learning liues, and Vertue shines,
When Follie begs, and ignorance pines.

To liue well, is happinesse:
To die well, is blessednesse.

FINIS.

